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A Farmer for Our Time

"One cannot systematically use violence against scientific progress." The crowded courtroom in the southern French town of Montpellier listened February 9 to prosecutor Olivier Decout sweep through his peroration. Outside, the police held back a thousand French farmers who poured into the university town to rally for their leader, Jose Bove, charged with fomenting an attack on a nearby biotech research station belonging to a corporation called CIRAD.

The farmers, belonging to the Confederation Paysanne, had taken crowbars and sledgehammers to a CIRAD greenhouse, then pulled up and burned a thousand genetically modified rice plants, simultaneously destroying computer files holding the company's research data.

The action, led by Bove, was one more in a series of attacks by French farmers on genetically modified crops and fast food restaurants. In answer to the prosecutor's accusation in Montpellier that he and his companions were mere Luddites, Bove replied, "Why refuse something which is presented as 'progress'? It's not because of old-fashionedness, or regrets for the good old days. It's because of concern for the future, and because of a will to have a say in future developments. I'm not opposed to fundamental research. I think it would be illusory and detrimental to want to curb it. On the other hand, I don't think that every application of research is necessarily desirable, at the human, social or environmental level. And the only regret that I have now is that I wasn't able to destroy more of it."

Bove now awaits sentencing and three other actions in France alone.

If there's one organizer symbolizing the worldwide counterattack of peasants and family farmers against corporate agriculture, copyrighted bio-tech crops and global trading blocs organized by the big capitalist powers, it's surely Bove.

Now 47, he cut his teeth on insurgency in the famous student/worker uprisings in France in 1968. In the 1970s he and his wife Alice led a successful campaign to keep the French military from building missile silos on the Larzac plateau where they had just moved to raise sheep for milk for the area's famous Roquefort cheese. Bove speaks fluent English. In fact, he spent four years of his youth in Berkeley, where his parents, both biochemists, did research at the University of California.

In 1987 the Boves founded the Confederation of French Farmers, and in one of the first of many brilliantly conceived publicity coups, the farmers ploughed up a few acres of ground under the Eiffel tower to protest an initiative of the EEC favoring corporate agriculture.

Later, while many French radicals were patriotically defending French nuclear tests in the South Pacific, Bove travelled in 1995 on Greenpeace's Rainbow Warrior II to protest the tests, an act of some courage, considering that back in 1985 the French secret service had exploded a bomb on Rainbow Warrior I, killing a Portuguese photographer called Fernando Pereira.

Bove didn't gain international attention until August of 1999, when he and three of his compatriots, armed with a tractor, pick axes and chainsaws, attacked and destroyed a McDonald's under construction in his hometown of Millau. Bove denounced McDonald's as purveyors of la malbouffe (bad food). He said that McDonald's was merely a symptom of a

(**Bove** continued on page 6)

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Our Little Secrets

Smokin' Joe

Sure, Bush plans to give most of the budget surplus to the rich. Want to know how the bottom half of the recent Democratic ticket would like to use it? Here's how Lieberman laid it out in an exchange with Don Rumsfeld, pending the latter's fulsome confirmation as DoD Secretary.

Lieberman: "The Bush-Cheney campaign had a document out suggesting the willingness to spend $45 billion more over the next 10 years for national security. Vice President Gore and I doubled that to $100 billion — big spenders that we are. But what is interesting and, of course, focuses the tough choices you will have is that the Joint Chiefs have essentially told us that what we really need is at least $50 billion more a year. So let me first put in an appeal, that you and I've spoken about, which is that all of us who care about national security have to really reach out and try to build more of a public understanding for the need to spend more to keep our national security strong in this age."

Lieberman went on to say: "If you look at what people think we ought to spend more money on, as we are deciding how to spend the surplus, national security comes out way down on the list, and that's not good. And as long as that exists, it's going to be hard for us here to make the decisions we should make." Rumsfeld wouldn't commit himself to any dollar amount but agreed, though with less energy than exhibited by Lieberman, that the task of getting Americans to love more armaments was a challenge.

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Swift, Twain, Browning? Nah, It's Eminem

Back in the mid Eighties when Blackie Lawless was acting out his rape fantasies on stage with a circular saw as part of a codpiece (the prototype for Eminem's current act featuring a chainsaw?), one of the arguments that some used in his defense was that no one actually listened to the likes of Blackie Lawless, so Tipper Gore and her footsoldiers in the Prude Brigade really had nothing to worry about.

The same can't be said for Eminem, since he sells millions of CDs and gets plenty of free airtime on MTV and radio and—much to his fury—Napster. So a more elaborate—though not necessarily more sophisticated defense has had to be deployed. It goes thus: Eminem is a creature of his environment. He is the authentic voice of the poor, white working class. White trailer trash. He is what American capitalism has made him. His angst is real, his anger legit—though misdirected at women and gays (and probably Jews and who knows what other minority) because of malign social forces. Like Elvis. Or Bill Clinton. One critic called him "our" Johnny Rotten. But where the Sex Pistols attacked the Queen, Eminem bashes queens. All the difference in the world.

But then on top of this a second defense is layered: namely, that Eminem is a master satirist; that his lyrics—which some demented writer in The London Guardian declared as being the equal of, and in some ways superior to Robert Browning's — are really an ironic expose of our own homophobia, mysogyny, class bias. He's our Swift, Twain, Ishmael Reed.

Then realizing there might be a potential conflict between defense A and defense B, a third one is proffered: namely, that the genius of Eminem is to be found in the "ambiguity" of his lyrics—which would, we guess, allow for him to be both "authentic" and "satirical". It's like there's an unreliable narrator at work, say the narrative voice in Henry James or Alain Robbe-Grillet.

But all of these are merely self-congratulatory rationalizations of critics and they are undermined by what Eminem himself has to say about what he's doing—which is that the lyrics are a "gimmick", that "they don't mean what they say", and "aren't worth a grain of salt". In other words, it's all a put on, not for some satirical purpose, but merely because he and his label know that these kinds of exploitative lyrics appeal to preteens who share many of the same phobias/fantasies.

In other words, it's not about making music, expressing the condition of the alienated working class in Detroit, but about making money. Eminem said this precisely in his attack on Napster. He's marketing hate to kids for money. It's that simple and not that different in kind from tobacco advertising—which could be defended on artistic and 1st amendment grounds as well, and indeed has been by the tobacco industry's hired guns.

Eminem's lyrics are a kind of premeditated infantilism, but not a healthy regression toward the polymorphous perverse, but a summons to the thanatic impulse, a call for division, repression, an invocation of the very forces that have divided the working class for decades. He serves the interests of the State. The idea that Eminem might be "censored" is a ruse, and a tired one, and an insult to those who have truly been censored. Cross the powerful, question the System and you risk censorship, lawsuits, SLAPP suits, beatings, harassment or worse. As long as Eminem remains a whore for the corporations, he will continue to accumulate wealth and be shielded from the censors of the state. And he is a corporate mercenary, whether it's flacking for Nike or for the RIAA.

Unlike the censors at GLAAD and other groups, we have no desire to amputate Eminem's right to self expression. Let him rap by all means. To our minds, here at CounterPunch, he's a hired gun from the poor part of town who preys on the powerless, extorts money from the poor, and celebrates a thuggish brand of gangster capitalism. His defenders and apologists in the critical world are just another arm of the very same industry.

The more instructive analogy with Eminem would have been with Browning's original idol, Percy Shelley—the most irascible English poet since Kit Marlowe. Shelley was an adulterer, an atheist, an abortionist, drove his first wife to suicide, a vic-

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Eminem's a hired gun from the poor part of town who preys on the powerless, extorts money from the poor, and celebrates a thuggish brand of gangster capitalism.

tim of censorship who was driven from England, and in turmoil with his own homosexual longings. The all-round infant terrible of English poetry, who had the honor of being savaged by the crypto-fascist Matthew Arnold. Forget Shelley's ability with the language and look only at the sensibility of the two. Both have blood lust. But Shelley longs to see the powerful pay, the deposition of tyrants; he was an unrepentant Jacobin. Eminem is the neighborhood bully, praying on the weak, the defenseless, the marginalized, singing the virtues of accumulation and consumption, never once taking on the powerful—a would-be tyrant, himself. It's one thing to defend Eminem against censorship—quite another to promote, as Chaucer would say, "the sentence" or message of his lyrics. Remember the lines by Shelley, dashed off in a hour of rage following the Peterloo Massacre—the WTO protest of its day, where 40,000 protesters and laborers were trampled by English police on horseback. Try to find any similar sentiments in Eminem. Here are two stanzas: "The seed ye sow, another reaps; / the wealth ye find, another keeps; / the robes ye weave, another wears; / the arms ye forge, another bears. // Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap; / Find wealth—let no imposter heap: / Weave robes—let not the idle wear; / Forge arms—in your defence to bear."

BILL HEADS FOR HARLEM

Clinton now proposes to establish an office in Harlem, on 125th street, scarce more than a few stone throws away from where Gore delivers homilies to journalism students in Columbia University, Each has found his appropriate setting: the defeated veep pouring earnest banalities about journalism and politics into the eager ears of ambitious high fliers already sending their resumes and worthy clips to the New York Times; Clinton the moral reprobate fleeing a blizzard of criticism for auctioning a pardon to a billionaire crook by setting up shop among the poorer folk.

Sneering at Bill, the press corps has nothing much to be proud of. How come not a single one of those high-flying, White House-connected newshounds managed to get hold of the sensational fact, finally disclosed a couple of weeks ago, that Bill Clinton and Al Gore hadn't had a significant conversational encounter in a full year? They finally had a melt-down gripe session not long before the recent election. As always, it turns out we know nothing about what really goes on in the White House. George W. could be tossing back dry martinis, partying till dawn and four years down the road we'll still be reading about him and Laura saying their prayers and tucked up by 10.30 pm.

We can look forward to months, if not years of civil war between the Clinton and Gore factions. Late last week a very senior pollster in Clinton's inner circle spotted a journalistic acquaintance in a Georgetown supermarket and pinned him against his shopping cart with a vibrant diatribe against Gore.

How, the pollster hissed, can we explain that Gore was unable to run on the Clinton economy, unable to mention millions of jobs created through the Clinton 90s? She answered her own question. Because to do so would have meant mentioning Clinton's name and Gore couldn't bring himself to do that.

Why not? The answer, the pollster said, went far back before the Lewinsky affair that so troubled Al and Tipper. It seems that Al has always felt that it was he who actually won the 1992 election, bailing Bill out of all his problems over draft dodging and Gennifer Flowers. Through Clinton's two terms Al's conviction that he rather than Bill should by rights be sitting in the Oval Office throbbed painfully in his psyche. Result: he never spoke to the boss and couldn't bear to ask him to help in those last desperate campaign days.

ON THE OTHER HAND…

The following short item was published in the Weekend Supplement of Ha'aretz on January 19 of this year.

On Sunday, January 14, Prof. Ehud Sprinzak, the expert on extremist movements, was interviewed on the lunchtime programme [Yoman Hatzohorayim] of Channel 7. The interviewer, Ariel Kahana, presented him as a "person of the left". Sprinzak did not like this description. "I am a person of the centre", he said, "and in general I dislike labels". Then the following dialogue took place:

Kahana: "What do you think about the executions in the Palestinian Authority?"

Sprinzak: "I have a very positive opinion; I mean, it is a vital instrument, part of the struggle against terrorism and I have no reservation, except for one thing..."

Kahana: "Ah, one moment, one moment: I was referring to the executions of collaborators by the Palestinian Authorities, not to the liquidations by our forces."

Sprinzak: "Pardon, pardon, I thought you were asking me ... In any case, about the Palestinians: it is disgusting, nauseating, this is how a dictatorial system operates, without any juridical process. Absolutely unacceptable, shocking."

DOGS' RIGHTS

The mastiff/Presa Canary mixblood known as Bane was destroyed soon after killing Diane Whipple. The surviving dog, Hera, has no legal counsel, beyond her stand-in owners Robert Noel and Marjorie Knoller, the San Francisco lawyers who were co-owners of Bane and Hera with the lifer in Pelican Bay who is also their adopted son. The Pelican Bay lifers were running a Presa Canary breeding business, supplying killer guard dogs to the meth trade, no doubt describing their entrepreneurial venture as a faith-based operation performing charitable services.

It's unclear whether Terrence "Kayo" Hallinan, DA of San Francisco, will prosecute Noel and Knoller for manslaughter or pump up the charges to Murder Two which seems excessive. CounterPuncher Joe Paff says he can remember Kayo's father Vince Hallinan, a famous Bay Area radical running for a judgeship in San Francisco in the early Sixties on a platform that had an anti-dog plank.

CounterPunch has learned that prison guards are in possession of a photograph of a woman in compromising circumstances with the dogs.

In Switzerland there's a strong movement for a Public Defender for dogs facing misdemeanor or felony charges. Why not? When dogs or pigs were up for trial in the Middle Ages they had proper counsel. If the state of California can put up $300,000 and more for death penalty defense for humans, why not some funding for pooch defense. They make us pay for dog licenses after all, thus recognizing dogs as part of the social contract. Cats, being smarter and legally off the books, don't need lawyers. CP

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Beast in Gold Braid

Pinochet: The Final Count

The General turns out to be a coward. When Chilean police knocked on Augusto Pinochet's door and threatened to slap the cuffs on him, Pinochet fainted.

Pinochet was placed under house arrest on January 28 for his role in ordering the massacre known as the Caravan of Death, one of his innumerable crimes in his 17 years as dictator of Chile. Still, the general must have been surprised. Only days earlier, his lawyer, Pablo Rodriguez, had told him to defy the orders of the lower court, that he was above them and no harm would ever come to him in Chile. To the press, Rodriguez said that the judge's orders amounted to "open harassment of an ill 85-year old man".

Pinochet had already deployed the "doddering don" routine, feigning the Alzheimer's disease that afflicts his pal Ronald Reagan. It got him out of England last fall. And it may yet save him from culpability for the killing of more than 3,000 people during his years of terror. His supporters, a dwindling horde, call him Tata, grandpa. They watch him every morning as he ambles down the beach at his oceanfront compound in Becalemu, where he waves to them with his cane, before entering his private chapel for parleys with the Supreme Justice.

Pinochet's increasing desperation probably stemmed from the fact that right there in Chile. his minions, loyal these many years, are beginning to turn on him, to save their own skins.

On January 7, Chilean president Ricardo Lagos made a nationally televised speech detailing new evidence of the atrocities committed during Pinochet's reign of terror. Lagos described how Chilean military intelligence agents dumped more than 120 bodies of murdered Chileans (many of them members of the Chilean Communist Party) into "the ocean, lakes and rivers of Chile." Lagos said that the government had also located a mass grave inside Santiago, containing more than 20 bodies. Other evidence emerging from the files of the Chilean military describes summary executions, torture, and how bodies were blown up with dynamite. It has been suggested that the military, under the leadership of Gen. Ricardo Izurieta, has cooperated in order to secure the purchase of a fleet of F-16 fighters.

Then on January 27, Pinochet's old friend, Gen. Joaquin Lagos Osorio, implicated him in the assassinations committed by the Caravan of Death unit. It was payback, of a sort, since only the week before Pinochet had told his interogators that Lagos was the person behind the killings and that he had acted without his authority. "I am not a criminal," Pinochet exclaimed.

But Lagos had evidence to undermine the general: a list of political prisoners on which Pinochet had marked the ones to be killed. Lagos told his story to an interviewer with Chile's Television Nacional on January 27, when he also disclosed a copy of the list. "In the last conversation I had with Pinochet, he did something I never expected. He ordered me to 'Never mention the list' and for me to sign it. In that case, I would be the only one responsible, as the crimes were committed in my jurisdiction. I told him that, and he said he would fix it. I said, 'What are you going to fix? They are all dead!'"

"I told him that, and he said he would fix it. I said, 'What are you going to fix? They are all dead!'"

Then Lagos described in gruesome detail how the murders took place. "They were torn apart," he said. "They were no longer human bodies. I wanted to at least put the bodies back together again, to leave them more decent. But you couldn't. They cut eyes out with daggers. They broke their jaws and legs. Even at the firing squad, they killed them slowly. They shot them to pieces, first the legs, then the sexual organs, then the heart, all with machine guns."

His friends in the US government have also proved less than stalwart. After Pinochet was placed under house arrest in London following his indictment by a Spanish court, Bill Clinton, in one of his few honorable acts, instructed the CIA and the State Department to open their files on Chile from the Allende government through the Pinochet regime. Documents released in November revealed a direct Pinochet link to the assassination on September 11, 1976 of Orlando Letelier, the former Chilean diplomat in the Allende governemt who, along with his American associate, Ronni Moffitt, was killed by a car bomb on Sheridan Circle in Washington DC.

The State Department cables reveal that in the summer of 1976 Pinochet called Paraguyan dictator Alfredo Stroessner asking him to issue "cover" passports with phoney names for Letelier's assassins, Michael Townley and Armando Fernandez Larios, so that they could travel to the United States to complete their mission. Ultimately, the killers entered the US on doctored Chilean passports. The CIA and FBI knew the men were in Washington and probably knew their mission, yet did nothing to impede them.

Letelier and Moffitt's attorney, Sam Buffone, says that the State Department documents provide convincing proof of Pinochet's direct involvement in the assassination and should form the basis of an indictment for the murders.

The documents also show yet more blood on the hands of the CIA. Some months prior to the Letelier and Moffitt killings, the State Department had instructed its ambassador to Chile, David Popper, and the CIA to express concern about Pinochet's Operation Condor, the assassination program against dissidents run by Chilean intelligence. Popper refused, writing in a cable that Pinochet "might well take as an insult any inference that he was connected with such assassination plots".

The CIA, operating out of Popper's office, also ignored orders to raise complaints with Manuel Contreras, head of Chilean military intelligence. Contreras was ultimately convicted by a Chilean court for his involvement in the assassination of Letelier. But many believe that Contreras was on the CIA's payroll. We may never know for sure because the newly released files show that in 1991, the CIA destroyed a security file on Contreras, a file that almost certainly detailed

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A Letter from El Salvador

BY WENDY WALLAS

Tuesday, January 16, 2001 (9th anniversary of the signing of the Peace Accords).

Did I say that this quake wasn't as bad as the one in '86? Well, I was wrong. Today I spoke with the 86-year old founder of the Salvadoran Red Cross who rattled off all the earthquakes that have hit El Salvador in the past century and he said that this one was the worst of all. We went by helicoptor today to San Agustin in Usulutan. The town of 6,000 people is totally destroyed, some parts just look like strewn about matchsticks and others have the front wall standing or leaning but with nothing behind it.

The sun is shining brightly, life in the city moves along at its breakneck pace, shopping malls filled, cell phones attached to ears, businesses self-congratulate themselves for their big hearts and the charity they sell, many mayors across the country refuse to accept the band-aid assistance offered by the central government and discounts are announced on building materiales, lower interest rates on loans. In the countryside the sun is shining, birds aflight, dust billows under truck and bus tires, cooking tortillas tantalize on clay comals, maquilishuats and madre de cacao flower pink feast our senses and challenge us to seguir adelante.

I remember the ever popular Salvadoran phrase: "Estamos jodidos pero contentos, pero no contentos de estar jodidos" (we're screwed but happy, but not happy to be screwed), that people here often use as a kind of greeting. Not that people are happy. But most of them have been screwed for so long they have a historically-developed sense of humor, a kind of armor to withstand, aguantar.

The word that most crosses my mind these days is "vulnerable". So much fragility. The environment, so many people. The beautiful old towns in the hills that have crumbled. The cracks and splits in walls, beams, posts, roads, fields, dikes, bridges, hillsides that create a gnawing insecurity. The earth continues to shake. Here's a relatively new housing development that is a high risk zone. Some of the houses were destroyed and people still owe on them. How can they move and pay on another house. If their house was destroyed, maybe they can get insurance for part of their loss but they lose all the payments they have been making for years.

It's possible some towns may not be rebuilt and then if they are, what will they look like? Sheet metal shacks with sheet metal roofs, hot and ugly as sin where once rested cool thick adobe houses with wide sleepy verandahs.

With the bigger and even more horrific India earthquake, hopes for generous foreign aid and support has understandably gone down. There is great spirit and determination to "do it ourselves", but the President came out with another brilliant statement saying that his goal for the rest of his term (just over 3 years) is to get El Salvador back to where it was before January 13th. But things were not so great here on January 12th. Over 50% of the population lived in poverty.

El Salvador is truly not the same as it was. Main roads have been cut off and alternatives have to be built, lots of good coffee land has fallen down into ravines and coffee processing plants flattened like a pancake. Disaster management, relief and prevention have become the new civil society focus and lingo. And what will all these people do? Will they emigrate to the cities, youth flight to the north, crowd in with extended families?

Fortunately most of the crops were in before the earthquake but the rainy season, just a few months off, is the next big threat since if all the splits and cracks fill up with water and all the loose earth turns to mud more "desgracias" can follow. CP

Contreras' work for the Agency.

At the same time, the CIA was amassing the names and addresses of Chilean dissidents who would later be hunted down and murdered by Pinochet's band of killers. There is the case of Frank Teruggi, a leftist American journalist, who, only days after the coup in 1973, was dragged out of his home in Santiago, tortured and killed by the military. Teruggi's name and address showed up in CIA files from a year prior to the coup, leading Peter Kornbluh, director of the National Security Archives, to suggest that the CIA may have fingered Teruggi to Pinochet's men.

For all this, Pinochet has picked up some unlikely allies. Cronies of the general have set up the Pinochet Foundation, a trust fund set up to finance his ultimately successful legal and pr fight against extradition to Spain from England. One of the foundation's fundraising schemes involved the release of a CD featuring Chilean military tunes, which apparently sold well throughout South America and in London.

Most Chileans see the writing on the wall. In a recent poll by the Santiago-based Fundacion Futuro, only 8 percent said that they thought Pinochet was innocent of the charges from the Caravan of Death massacres. But even so 60 percent of polled said they didn't think the General would ever spend a night in jail even if convicted.

Footnote: The Reebok Human Rights Award may be the most hypocritical of those kinds of honors. If so, then the Chilean Human Rights Award can't be far behind. Well, the rock star Sting has now gotten both. In January, Sting, known for hob-nobbing with Kayapo chieftains in an attempt to profit from the cachet of the Amazon, jetted to Santiago to receive a human rights award from the Chilean government. A few days later, Sting announced his belief that if Pinochet would merely make some public statement of contrition perhaps the charges against him should be dropped. CP

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larger problem, global corporations forcing genetically engineered or processed foods down the throats of unwilling farmers and consumers. "The WTO and the corporations are telling us what to eat." Bove said. "In France, no one agrees with this."

Almost overnight Bove became a French hero, praised even by French president Lionel Jospin, and touted in Le Monde as the new Vercingetorix, who had repelled the alien invaders. In the US, the Wall Street Journal, roused by this attack on one of the nation's leading exports, lashed out at Bove as "a food terrorist".

After knocking down the McDonald's outlet Bove was arrested and refused to pay his bail, which was then raised by American midwesterners in the National Family Farm Coalition. The Coalition's president, Bill Christison, flew to Millau to stand in solidarity with Bove and two others on trial. Quoting Lincoln, Christison told the French court that "We testify on behalf of our fellow farmers as they seek economic and social justice. Corporate globalization, flawed agriculture and trade policy are the real problems. These farmers made an effort to abide by the law when looking for a solution but found there was no other recourse."

After knocking down the McDonald's outlet Bove was arrested and refused to pay his bail, which was then raised by American midwesterners in the National Family Farm Coalition.

There is a question of how much cheese Bove has time to make. For the past two years he's been on the road, in Seattle for the WTO protests where he protested US tariffs on French Roquefort by smuggling in rounds of the cheese, dispensing chunks to cops and demonstrators alike in front on a Downtown outlet of McDonalds. This last month he was with an international coalition of peasant farmers called Via Campesina, demonstrating at an anti-globalization forum in Brazil, timed to coincide with the annual moot of the rich and powerful in Davos, Switzerland.

While in Brazil Bove and Christison were asked by the Landless Workers Movement to accompany them in an attack on a test facility belonging to Monsanto, where 1,300 farmers duly destroyed a thousand acres of genetically engineered corn and soybeans. The peasants had earlier forced the local governor to declare the province of Rio Grande do Sul a biotech free zone but Monsanto secured an exemption. If Monsanto returns, the peasants say, they'll put the company's directors on a plane and send them back to the United States.

The United States is home turf to the world's mightiest corporate agribusiness, as family farmers know all too well, having seen their average income decline by 62 per cent since 1978, and have seen themselves become little more than share croppers for the four or five companies that now dominate US agriculture. Hence the support of Bove by the National Family Farm Coalition.

"Our fight is against globalization,", said Christison. "This means domestic policies that support international deals that are in the interests of corporate agribusiness. These policies are created in board rooms of companies motivated by profit and not the economic health of the farmer, the health of the consumer or the vitality of the rural community. Globalization means policies in the US that force our prices as low as possible by removing an effective commodity loan rate or reserve. These policies force the world price to levels that are unsustainable for farmers around the globe."

After coming back to France from Brazil (where he is now banned from returning), Bove went right back to work — his political work, that is. He traveled to Lille, in northern France, where he and four colleagues broke into the local headquarters of the ruling party to protest lack of support for small farmers. With them they brought a sow and 10 piglets, which they left behind in the party head's office along with 20 bales of hay.

In the Montpellier courtroom Bove wound up his speech from the dock thus: "Yes, the action was illegal; but I lay claim to it because it was legitimate. I don't demand clemency, but justice. Either we have acted in everyone's interests and you will acquit us, or we have shaken the establishment and in that case you will punish us. There is no other issue." CP

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The Real Reason Al Hates Bill

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